THE

Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.—Jesus Christ.

Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.—A Voice from Heaven.

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How are the Mighty fallen!

Everybody remembers the self-confident, proud, and haughty bearing of the British nation a short twelve months ago. The most splendid army that ever left her shores was then marshalling and preparing to meet the shock of war, and the most magnificent fleet that ever sailed the ocean was assembling for the same purpose. Vain-glorious boasting without measure was indulged in by the people of the land generally. The press swaggered as though the country wielded an omnipotent power, and one against which scarcely all the earth, and decidedly nothing Russian, could stand. The granite walls of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg were to be dashed to fragments like a potter's vessel by the thunders of the British cannon, and the vast armies of Russia were to fall like men of straw before British prowess. But it is written—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." And truly if Britain had exhibited the grace of humility instead of vain-boasting, she might not now have experienced so bitterly as she has that "a haughty spirit goeth before a fall." So completely has she fallen in a few short months, that Mr. Disraeli remarked in Parliament Jan. 29, —"Two years ago England was the leading power in Europe, but is there any man in this house who can pretend that she holds that position now!" The walls of Bomarsund fell before the Baltic Fleet, and a few merchant ships were captured, but Cronstadt and St. Petersburg remain to this moment untouched. The Russ and the Briton have met in deadly struggle in the east, and though the Briton has stood before his foe with almost superhuman valour and bravery, and broken the legions of that foe into fragments, yet of nearly 60,000 British soldiers who left their country in all the "pomp and pride and circumstance of war," but about 11,000 effective bayonets remained "before Sebastopol" in January last, while that fortress was, at last advices, immensely stronger than when its besiegers first "sat down before it." Of the 40,000 or 50,000 men who have thus sunk into the grave or been removed to the hospitals, comparatively few have fallen victims to the fire and steel of their enemy. The majority have wasted away through the mismanagement or incompetence of those in authority. It is an old saying—"Save us from our friends," and never could it be more fittingly applied than by the British Crimean soldier of those who should feed, clothe, and shelter him. Yes! it is a fact which none can deny, and which almost every newspaper in the land corroborates, that that army has had to struggle through a winter campaign without any-

thing approaching to sufficient food, clothing, or shelter, and has also had to perform duties far beyond its strength. The public have been informed and assured by innumerable letters from the east that many of that army have been reduced to half rations, that in canvass tents in the midst of a severe winter, with two or three feet of snow, some of the regiments have scarcely known what fuel was, and that many have had to stand half naked day and night in the trenches, amid frost, and rain, and snow, and sludge up to the ancles, the knees, and sometimes the middle. Strong and brave men, frost-bitten, and tortured with rheumatism, cried like little children when sent to those trenches. And a great part of this time mountains of necessaries, comforts, and luxuries were within arm's reach, so to speak, and, what is stranger still, the very things for want of which men and horses were perishing by hundreds almost daily, were oftentimes sent away from them! Under these circumstances the effective men of the army decreased about 1,000 weekly, and thirteen hospitals were filled with from 10,000 to 20,000 disabled and dying. But, what is still more horrifying, the appliances most necessary for the comfort and recovery of the sick were not to be obtained. Sick, wounded, and dying men were conveyed from the Crimea to Scutari, wrapped in blankets rife with vermin, and laid on the bare decks in default of beds. Maggots bred in their wounds, and some of the poor, miserable fellows, when they landed at Scutari, were actually covered with their own excrement. In the hospitals there, close to an ambassador armed with unlimited resources, the patients have been destitute of the commonest necessary medicines, aliment, clothing, and furniture.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with this altogether extraordinary expedition was the utter confusion attending the transport and appropriation of supplies. Food, for want of which men were famishing, or suffering disease, was actually lying to rot at Balaklava, or sent out of harbour after coming in. A cargo of boots and shoes, &c., it is said, made three voyages across the Black Sea before it could be received at Balaklava, and all this time the soldiers were going barefoot, or nearly so, in frost and snow.

We will give a few extracts from the *Times* and other sources concerning the state of the British Crimean army during the past winter—

Day by day the thin veil which official mystification had striven to spread over the appalling realities of our position is falling away, and a scene is disclosed the unutterable woe and misery of which the most excited imagination cannot represent, the most graphic pen cannot depict. Slowly sinking down from an abyss of misery which a short time ago would have been deemed impossible to an abyss far lower and more awful, our army seems to be reaching the period assigned to all human woe, as it has long ago passed the suffering hitherto believed to be the limit of human endurance. Down, down, ever downward, without an abatement or retardation, in the steady career of destruction have our soldiers sunk, and, dark as have been our prognostics, the reality has always kept far more than pace with them. Our correspondents turn with sickening disgust from the dreary monotony of a narrative which tells of nothing but death in the shape most abhorrent to brave men—in the form of loathsome and incurable disease. Our battalions in the Crimea melt away like the snow that surrounds their tents and fills their trenches, and this diminution of our military force is registered by a corresponding increase in our hospitals. One hospital has grown into three, three into eight, and eight into thirteen. Cargo after cargo of the emaciated relics of the survivors of our great battles has been sent to Malta, to Corfu, and to England. Death is clearing the hospitals at the rate of 50 or 60 a-day; but still the tide of misery overbears all the receptacles devised to contain it, and there is no room for the immense number of patients whose arrival is immediately expected. 5,000 sick are, it appears, already in the camp, and one-half of those doing duty are already unfit for work. While Ministers insult us by talking of 30,000 effective men, well-informed persons at Constantinople estimate our effective force in the Crimea at from 11 to 14,000 bayonets, including under the term that moiety which Dr. Hall considers to be unfit for duty—that is, smitten with the chronic disease, to which they will not yield till it becomes inveterate and incurable. . . .

. . The progression is regular and invariable—from the trenches to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave. It was not in the battle that the British army has found its destroyer. Against its iron front the might of Russia was shivered in vain, but it carried within itself and in the influences which watched over it the sure and unfailing seeds of destruction, and bore

about it the corruption in which they were sure to ripen. We do not wish to exaggerate—we could not exaggerate if we would—the extent and nature of this calamity. . . . . Chaos is come again—night, anarchy, and confusion reign triumphant. Our national reputation has been sacrificed, our army destroyed, our position in Europe seriously compromised, our past tarnished, and our future overclouded.—*Times*, Feb. 8.

There is that passing now in the Crimea which might fix the attention of the most volatile and frivolous, and command the exclusive sympathy of the vainest and most selfish of mankind. . . . . On a range of bleak cliffs, overlooking the black waters of the Euxine, are encamped the last remains of what was once the noblest and most gallant army whose deeds ever adorned the page of history. Sharp misery has worn them to the bone. They have lost all the bravery and flaunting outside of war; they are ragged, shoeless, besmeared with mud, infested by vermin, and tortured by scorbutic diseases. From the 14th of September till now [February] their life has been one long troubled, miserable dream—battle, and famine, and rotting wet, and icy cold, increasing labour, and diminishing strength, viewing day by day their comrades falling beside them, and awaiting the only too certainly approaching period when they shall join their brave companions in the grave, and escape by that dark portal through which all human misery must pass and end at last.—*Times*.

When a vessel arrives with stores she is frequently ordered to sea again in all haste. The stores are crammed into lighters, and are shoved on the beach. Oftentimes they are partially lost, or are taken off by marauders, or find their way into divisional magazines, where they are never heard of, unless by some lucky accident. Now, this is no exaggeration. I know of one case where an officer was sent down again and again to the coal depôt, but could get no one to attend to his requisition; at last his men took the law into their own hands, and carried off 40 sacks of coal, to keep themselves and their master alive. Many followed their example, and the coals went merrily. Again, a vessel—say the Golden Fleece—comes into harbour with blankets, great-coats, and such articles for the army. She is ordered to discharge and proceed with all haste to sea again. Captain Heath sends lighters alongside, and the stores are put into them. The men in the lighters go away at dinner-time, and, meantime, the Golden Fleece obeys orders, and goes off to her destination. On her return to Balaklava the captain demands a receipt for the stores he has put into the lighters. "What stores? We know nothing at all about them. We never received them." A search is made, and some of the stores are found in one magazine and others in another, but part of them are not forthcoming. Bales of great-coats have been seen lying, I suppose under some such circumstances, under the rain, in open lighters, for 24 hours together at a stretch in the harbour. . . . . With snow three feet deep about the tents, the men scarce know what fuel is in many regiments; they break up the rum-barrels, and even the pack-saddles—seize, in fact, anything that will burn to cook their meals, or grub into the earth for roots and stumps to light their fires? I know that during two hard days of frost and snow, when, if ever, a full supply of rum was requisite to keep up the spirits and strength of the men, one mess at least had no rum at all on one of these days, and only a half-ration on the other, and that in the same regiment where this occurred the return of men under arms fit for duty was about 230, and that of men sick and unfit for duty was 350!—*Times*, Feb. 1.

For 18 days before I left the Crimea, the horses of the brigade which I had the honour to command had been without hay, and so small a portion of barley was issued to them that they died by hundreds along the lines.—*Lord Cardigan*.

We have had medical stores by the ton, which every one was looking for, and wooden huts immovably fixed at seven miles distance from the spot where they were wanted. Hence valuable transports have been used at Constantinople as stores for beef and pork, and Balaklava has been in such a state that a short time since the best pier was made of biscuit, and the next best of rice.—*Times*, Feb. 13.

There was a large quantity of forage lying at Balaklava at the very time that horses, within a mile, were actually starving for want of it. Shortly after his arrival, early in December, he rode out to the cavalry camp, about a mile from the town, and the state of the horses there struck him with horror. They were standing at their picket—and this was after two or three days' successive rain, hail, and snow—without any covering, and without even a rug laid over them. Every alternate horse almost lay dead, and the vicinity of the camp was strewed with their corpses. The mane and tail of every one had been eaten off by its neighbour, showing the state of starvation to which they had been reduced, and yet all this time there was no want of forage at Balaklava.—*Mr. G. Dundas's Speech, Feb. 20.*

The above extracts certainly partake sufficiently of the horrible to thrill the bosom of the most callous, and public

men are astounded at the suddenness and severity of the unexpected blow, at the magnitude of the shock to England's power, pride, and prestige. The causes of the calamities under the weight of which her name is thus humbled, assume every imaginable variety, according to the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the person giving the opinion. The doctors, the transport service, the Duke of Newcastle, the aristocratic character of the service, the disproportionate partition of the work, gross incapacity of the staff, inclemency of the seasons, the act of God, and innumerable other things are urged, while the *Times* believes there has not been a single man in high command at home or in the Crimea who was a master of the art of war.

The nation seems perfectly bewildered in the matter, and, like a company of men in a fog, none know in what direction the proper path lies, but each thinks he knows best its position. A few have the sagacity to surmise that some mysterious spiritual agent has interposed in the matter, and written Babel upon the movements of the warring nations, and particularly of Britain. We will give a few extracts to show the cross-purpose predicament in which the nations, England especially, find themselves—

The experience of the last few months has awakened the people of England from their dreams of wealth and prosperity, from their traditional self-gratulations over the naval and military exploits of the late war, and from the supposition that men invested with high rank and clothed with great office are possessed of faculties equal to the direction of our affairs whenever there is more than an ordinary strain on the vessel of the State. Our eyes are open, and we behold that we are naked. We ask for talent sufficient to conduct great affairs to successful conclusions, and instead of talent we are offered titles and pedigrees. We ask for merit, and we are offered in exchange high connexions, or, at best, seniority. The cold shade of aristocracy is over us all, and nothing can grow beneath it except the offshoots of the tree itself. Up to the middle of November this country believed itself to have armies, generals, statesmen, departments, all equal to their several duties, all of the very best the world could afford, and now, in the middle of February, in three short months, all is changed, or rather all is reversed. We have awoke from our dream of hope, prosperity, and success, to disaster and dismay. Our generals have turned out worse than useless, our Ministers something more than incapable, every public department has been crushed into hopeless imbecility by the weight of unbending routine and worthless formalities, and on no one occasion that we are aware of has the right man been selected to fill the right place. Everything has been mismanaged to a degree which, if predicted, would have been deemed incredible. . . . . The people of England have remained quiet under all these things. They have felt—as how should they not feel?—the mortality which has brought mourning to every hearth. They have noted—as how should they not note?—the incredible and inexplicable confusion and stupidity which have presided over every department, giving reality to absurdities such as the most extravagant imagination could never have painted, and occasioning miseries such as the gloomiest prophet could never have foreboded. Why the people have been so long silent has been to most reflecting men a matter of wonder and astonishment. They feel most acutely, but they have remained hitherto passive spectators of the method in which their best hopes and dearest interests have been squandered and betrayed. — *Times*, Feb. 14.

What sort of a figure, let the Britsh public just bethink itself, are we now making in the eyes of Europe? Already the scandalous breakdown of our military system has been chuckled over in every foreign Court. With our military reputation thus gone for the present, what will Europe think, too, of our precious constitution, which we have tried to force upon every country in the world, when it is found to work only for the private interests of a small knot of statesmen, and to enable them to use their country's extremity as a lever to help them into office? If the British people do not see the ultimate tendency of all this, we will venture to enlighten their innocence. These are the steps by which constitutional nations sink into despotism. They are rapidly leading us towards that very state of things which in France has been held to justify the Imperial usurpation. . . . . Notwithstanding the information afforded by the correspondence now arriving more frequently than formerly from the scene of war, we look in vain for any adequate explanation of the misfortunes which have occurred, nor can there now, we should think, be any question about the necessity of the inquiry which has been resolved upon. Those who charge upon the system rather than upon individuals the miscarriage of our efforts may certainly gather some justification of their opinions from the very universality of the evil. If the faults were personal the conse-

quences might be expected to be partial, whereas everywhere, and in all departments, the deficiences are the same. At Balaklava, at Scutari, and at home,—in the hospital service, the transport service, and the general administration, there is the same want of organization, of management, and of success. The finest possible materials have been lost; the most untiring personal assiduity thrown away; national unanimity and enthusiasm left without fruit, and sacrifices of all kinds incurred without advantage. There is no species of consolation to be derived from the nature of the disaster. Our troops have not succumbed under the weight of an enterprise visibly beyond their power; they have not been overwhelmed by numbers, entrapped by ambuscades, or destroyed by the resistless power of unsuspected batteries. The casualities of the siege itself have been trifling. The things that have cost us thousands of lives are simply, as our correspondent says, "a few miles of bad ground, and the want of means to get over it." Even here there was nothing manifestly insurmountable—nothing clearly and by the very nature of things invincible in itself. If the road from Balaklava harbour to the camp had been a kind of Khyber Pass, which all the efforts of our troops, however well organized and well applied, had failed to make practicable, the result would carry with it its own explanation. But such is not the case. The road, though never put in a fit condition for such traffic, is passable even as it is; but there are no means of transport.—*Times*. Feb. 5.

The losses in the Crimea have been of a character more than usually entitled to be considered avoidable. We have asserted more than once, and we affirm again, that not only has nothing happened which was not to be foreseen, but much which was to be apprehended has not occurred. . . . . Every vessel and transport, we believe, of every description, which has sailed from these shores for Balaklava has reached its destination in safety, and, if its cargo has been lost to the army, it has not been through the tempest or the waves. Even the Prince, as is well known, might have landed every bale of her stores. As to the rigours of the climate, they have hitherto been below what might have been anticipated. . . . . It is not from the atmosphere that we have suffered, but from the want of the common necessaries of food, clothing, fuel, and shelter; in fact, a like mortality might have been experienced by any regiments quartered on the Welsh Hills or the Devonshire moors, and exposed to similar privations. We have had no weather necessarily destructive to contend with, or the French would be in as bad a plight as ourselves. Our communications have not been interrupted by sea, for nothing could be more secure, however irregular, than the passage between shore and shore. We have not been overpowered by the inexaustible legions of the enemy, for we have repulsed all his attacks, and we still remain masters of our position. We have suffered simply because there was nowhere the competence to turn our resources to proper account. . . . Last spring certainly it would have seemed fantastic and incredible that the splendid expedition on its way to the East would be ruined, not by hundreds of miles of marching and counter-marching up the Danubian provinces, far away from our ships or any basis of operations, but for want of six miles of hard road from a land-locked harbour to a fortified camp.—*Times*, Feb. 1.

There is something quite uncanny about this awful war. Nothing follows suit in it, and it goes wrong from first to last. How it began, how there was peace when there ought to have been fighting, and fighting when we chose to call it peace, everybody knows. But its very festivities turn sour, and in its givings of thanks there is always a note out of tune. Sir De Lacy Evans appeared with all his honours to receive that rarest and richest meed of valour, the thanks of the Speaker before the assembled House, but no sooner had he opened his lips in reply than something possessed him to reproach his eulogists, and challenge to hot controversy all who should do less than justice to the Second Division. Then comes the Mansion-house dinner. The Lord Mayor is siezed with the commendable ambition of presenting himself before the eyes of the nation between the most stately and the most eccentric of our modern heroes. Garrick between tragedy and comedy had sympathies for both, and it is hard to say which he would follow. But no Lord Mayor of London that ever existed could have shown simultaneous affinities to Cardigan and Napier, or have harmonized two such utter dissociables. There, however, they were, to make the best of themselves. Cardigan did his part with perfect good taste. There is something indeed suggestive of Madame Tussaud in the "identical uniform" which he wore in the desperate cavalry charge. But his speech was, with a slight exception, the simplest possible narrative of facts, and is, indeed, a brief history of the war throughout its earlier stages. His description of that most gallant, though Quixotic enterprise, in which there was "the greatest apparent certainty of death that could possibly be conceived," without the slightest advantage to be gained by the sacrifice, was at once dignified, modest and affecting. . . . . And now for Sir Charles Napier.

At all events, duty and obedience are not here overdone. The contrast is the greatest that can be imagined. According to Sir Charles, the fleet placed under his command was "badly manned, and worse disciplined," and he never had fair play from the Admiralty. The conclusion is, that he has brought home his fleet with scarcely the loss of a man, an anchor, or a spar. In the army we seem to have perfect organization and entire destruction—in the navy no discipline, and no loss; there not being much to choose between the respective results on the enemy.—*Times*, Feb. 8.

If we may be excused a metaphor at such a crisis, one felt, only as late as Tuesday morning, in the situation of travellers in a mountain pass, who see the rocks closing around them, and cannot, for the life of them, understand where is the opening through which they are to proceed. . . . . The only thing it can be compared to is that distressing, though strangely grotesque malady, called St. Vitus's dance. The poor sufferer cannot convey a piece of bread to his mouth without flourishing it in all imaginable directions, up and down, sideways, zigzag, circuitous, till it describes a journey of many yards, and takes half a minute and no small expenditure of muscular energy to do what is usually an unconscious and almost instantaneous act. The poor creature tries to go out of a room, but cannot do so without performing all sorts of eccentric and highly unnecessary evolutions before the door, visiting both doorposts again and again, and finally leaving the door open and his errand incomplete, or perhaps tumbling down on the threshold. . . . . This political St. Vitus's dance, which infests every department of the public service, and makes us all look more like madmen or idiots, than sane, and—as we flatter ourselves—particularly sensible people.—*Times*, Feb. 22.

But it so happens that there is not a nation existing on the surface of the globe which has enjoyed such ample opportunities of acquiring military experience as England—not France in Algeria—not Austria in Lombardy—not Russia in the Caucasus.—*Times*, Feb. 21.

Indeed, nothing that has been imagined in illustration of human folly by the wit of Rabelais or Swift approaches to the extremities of fatuity which constitute the history of the Crimean expedition and its disasters. We challenge a single example of common sense, of common resource, of contrivance, of the most simple of means to an end.—*Examiner*.

Every movement, and every step taken, has produced a result exactly the opposite of what was intended. A *coup de main* is undertaken, and it turns out to involve a campaign—a winter campaign even. A battle is fought, but its gain is only momentary, vanishing in less than a week from the hands of the victors. An open town is assailed with heavy siege artillery; but, before the siege train is brought up, the open town is changed into a fortified camp of the first order. A siege is undertaken; and, when at the point of being successful, it has to be given up, because a relieving army comes up, and is—not victorious, but defeated. A strong position taken up against the relieving army becomes, by the very shortness of its front, the means in the hands of the relieving army to turn the besiegers into the besieged! Thus ten weeks are occupied with a series of efforts, combats, trenchworks, plans and counterplans; winter sets in, and finds both armies—but especially the Allies—quite unprepared for the season: and all this with no result but a tremendous loss on both sides, leaving a decision of the campaign as remote and unlikely as ever.—*New York Tribune*, Dec. 30, 1854.

No one can deny the melancholy condition of our army before Sebastopol. The accounts which arrive from that quarter every week are not only painful, but horrible and heartrending; and I am sure no one would oppose for a moment any measure that would be likely not only to cure, but to do anything to mitigate those evils. Sir, I must say that there is something, with all the official knowledge to which I have had access, that to me is inexplicable in the state of our army. If I had been told as a reason against the expedition to the Crimea last year that your troops would be seven miles from the sea, seven miles from a secure port—which at that time, when we had in contemplation the expedition, we hardly hoped to possess—and that at that seven miles' distance they would be in want of food, of clothes, and of shelter to such a degree that they would perish at the rate of from 90 to 100 a day, I should have considered such a prediction as utterly preposterous, and such a picture of the expedition as entirely fanciful and absurd. We are all, however, free to confess the notoriety of that melancholy state of things.—*Speech of Lord John Russell, Jan.* 26.

One of the finest armies that England ever sent forth mysteriously disappears,—not by the sword of the enemy, for that we could endure, and could meet again and vanquish; it disappears by means so mysterious that a most experienced statesman, with all the advantage of a knowledge of the interior secrets of the Cabinet, confessed and announced to this House that he could not penetrate the cause of or understand that mystery.—*Mr. Disraeli*, Feb. 16.

This [the great storm in November] was only the beginning of sorrows—the subsequent disasters form a history of human suffering not to be exceeded in the annals of the wars of civilised nations; they are altogether incomprehensible; they look like destiny, for they seem to defy all the rules of logic and common sense, and leave one to seek in infatuation alone for an explanation of the phenomena. That starving men should dismiss from their harbours the very food that is sent out to nourish them, and the clothing that is sent out to comfort them; that they should even refuse the very shoes and fur coats that they are longing for, and quietly allow the well clad to appropriate them, is so very like madness, that it is only in lunatic asylums that we find the parallels of such behaviour at home. Yet either our army has been doing all this, or the reports we have read from hundreds of witnesses must be erroneous. Not the weather only has been thwarting us, but even the very reason of the nation has been bewildered. We went to the Crimea with tents for the soldiers without vehicles to carry them into the interior when they were landed; we took men to fight without the means of taking care of them when they were wounded; we sent medical men without medicines, luggage without wagons and horses, guns without sufficient ammunition, food without cooking utensils; and, when houses were sent for our men to live in, they either would not or could not use them, though perishing with cold; and yet, notwithstanding all these absurdities, we paid for everything we wanted as if we had had it; and collected large sums in addition, by private subscription, which have all gone we know not where; for everything was done too late—the winter clothing was sent in November instead of September; and the winter houses were sent in the middle of winter instead of before the beginning of it; and the new shoes were sent when the soles were off the old ones, and a ship-load sent in July arrived in December; the new coats and drawers arrived when half the men were dead, and the rest were wrapping up their legs with straw, and patching ragged clothes with sacking and canvas. The story altogether appears incredible; it seems impossible that such things could have happened, but, having happened, what more may still happen, equally strange, incredible, and inexplicable, is fearful to think of. . . . . It is not by wealth or power that the destiny of nations is determined; some other principle governs the world; and men are astonished to find, in great crises, what a different turn affairs take to what the wisest politicians and generals imagined. . . . . And who could have believed that the English, the heroes of Spain and Waterloo, should have proved themselves so deficient in the organization of the material of war as to be objects of pity to those whom they conquered half a century ago? Are we retrograding in civilisation? Have all these twenty or thirty years which we have been spending in financial reform been deteriorating instead of improving the British constitution. . . . . There must be something wrong with our boasted constitution after all. We have been so long in the habit of hearing it praised, like Shakspeare and the Iron Duke, that few have the courage even to utter a protest against the extravagance of the panegyrists. . . . . Heaven itself seems fighting against us all—English, French, Russian, and Turk. Perhaps we all deserve it—a race of bigots and unprincipled controversialists, dogs in the manger of civilisation, who neither know the truth nor suffer others to seek it, except in a way most unlikely to obtain it or the amiable fruits of it.—*Family Herald*, Feb. 18.

Thus are nations perplexed with the unexpected calamities which befall them, and the unlooked for course which events take. The world looks with amazement, and England is almost stupefied, at the utter break down of her eastern expedition. With soldiers victorious over the foe though he comes in four-fold strength, with unbounded supplies at command, with a marine sufficient to bridge the seas from England to the Crimea as it were, with the first administrative and business tact in the world, with the greatest and most practical mechanical skill and talent in the eastern hemisphere, yet does England's army sink away to nothing, and yet does her Crimean enterprise become a byword for incompetency, mismanagement, and maladministration. What can be the grand cause of all this? We said some thought an invisible agent had a finger in the matter. That is the key to the whole affair! Yes, the Almighty, who rules the armies of heaven, does as it pleases Him among the inhabitants of the earth. It is true, He did leave the denizens of this lower sphere to their own thoughts and works for a time, but now He has recommenced to work upon the earth, and the mighty ones are troubled, the people are perplexed, and stout men's hearts fail them for fear. He speaks, and the ablest and most practical nation on the earth blunders into the most inexplicable business confusion, and her magnificent, brave, and triumphant army wastes

away no one knows why, perishes from sheer want in the midst of profusion, just as a man gagged, and bound hand and foot, would perish were he literally surrounded with every imaginable kind of food.

Heretofore, when the nations were left to themselves, they could calculate upon probabilities with some approach to certainty. Knowing the laws, relations, and influence of powers which controlled in a great measure the destinies of men, there have been many who could determine with some degree of nicety how events, expeditions, and plans would turn out. But now even such clever calculators are baffled, their old and familiar bases of reckoning cannot now be relied upon, the most sagacious are at fault in their estimates for the future, and the most confident are utterly disappointed in their most sanguine expectations. Truly was it written, "The wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." And so it will continue to be until those nations who will not serve the Lord, however powerful and refined they may be, will perish in as apparently inexplicable a manner as the British army has melted away before Sebastopol.

The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1855.

TO THE EMIGRATING SAINTS.—There is a subject of the gravest importance, pertaining to emigration, to which we wish to call the attention of the Saints, and that is, to let no consideration, no matter how important it may appear, ever induce them to embark on a ship themselves, or permit any of their families to do so, if they have been recently exposed to, and are thereby liable to be brought down by, the small pox, measles, or any other contagious desease, for in doing so they will not only greatly lessen the chances of living to those who have every reason to expect to be sick, but also be liable to be the means of spreading disease and death among all on board the ship. This is a great responsibility for any one to incur, and we presume that no Latter-day Saint is so reckless in feeling as ever knowingly to run any risks in a matter involving such fearful consequences.

The *Clara Wheeler* was cleared as usual by a government officer, her passengers were examined by the doctor, and she put to sea apparently in a healthy condition. After being at sea some three days she was driven back, she lay in the Mersey a week, passed a second examination by the government doctor, and put to sea again in good condition, and yet 22 persons, mostly children, died of measles during the voyage, a mortality very unusual among a ship-load of the Saints. This shows that no human sagacity can always foresee and prevent those evils.

We feel to urge upon the Saints the necessity of using the greatest diligence and caution in this matter, and expect the Pastors and Presidents of Conferences to make it from time to time a portion of their instruction to the Saints pertaining to emigration.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE—*United States—The "Clara Wheeler."*—On the 5th instant, per mail from the United States, we received the *St. Louis Luminary* for JANUARY 27, and February 3 and 10, which contain, among much that is interesting, the report of Elder H. E. Phelps, President of the Saints on board the *Clara Wheeler*.

From this report we make the following extracts, which we doubt not will be of interest to our readers—

"During the voyage we had one birth, eight marriages, and thirty deaths, seven of which occurred coming up the river. During the whole passage we were favoured by our heavenly Father in having fair winds, and in making, I presume, the quickest passage ever known at this season of the year. We arrived at New Orleans on the 11th January, where we were met by Elder McGaw, our agent, making the voyage in thirty-six days. In fact nothing seemed to have the power of hindering us.

"On our arrival in New Orleans we were equally fortunate. We took our passage on board the *Oceana* eighteen hours after our arrival. On arriving at the quarantine ground, where steamers with emigrants are compelled to stop and undergo medical inspection, causing a detention of one or more hours, we only stopped a short time, and succeeded in reaching this city on the afternoon of the 22nd instant.

"The Saints are, on the whole, in good health and spirits; the deaths were, as you will perceive by the list handed you, almost entirely among children, owing to the measles having been brought on board."

Great exertions were made by the Saints generally in St. Louis, under the counsel and direction of Elder Snow, to provide for the Saints. Comfortable shelter, employment, &c., were generally obtained for them in a few days after their arrival.

From a letter in the *Mormon*, by Elder Jeter Clinton, dated Philadelphia, Jan. 24, we learn that the Saints in that city and vicinity were doing as well as could be expected, a good spirit was prevailing, and a desire to fulfil the law of God in all things was manifested. Seven had recently been baptized.

THE "MORMON" AND THE "LUMINARY."—We were happy to receive the first number of the *Mormon* on the 5th inst. The vignette is rich, elaborate, and full of meaning. The matter is varied with original and well selected articles. On the whole, the paper bids fair to be what might be expected from the well known abilities and experience of the Editor. We make the following extract from *The Mormon*—

"To the European Saints.

"We shall forward copies of 'THE MORMON' to all the 'Presidents of Conferences,' and we respectfully request them to show and give publicity to it, in their several Conferences, and to act as Agents; and also request the same of their Book Agents, and make returns to President Richards, at Liverpool, who will do us the kindness to forward the names and addresses with as little delay as possible, and credit us the amount received.

"POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS will be as follows—2 cents or 1d. will have to be prepaid by us in New York; 1d. will have to be paid on its arrival in England. And, to avoid delay and extra expense, we shall send it direct to the Agents, from whom the subscribers will get the papers. The Agents will please be very correct in giving their addresses to President Richards.

"The price of the paper, delivered in England, 4½d, as follows—Postage in New York, 1d.; in England, 1d.; for Agents, ½d.; paper, 2d.; total, 4½d.

"Subscription by the year, if paid in advance, 13s., the subscribers paying English postage.

"No subscription received for a less term than six months."

Presidents of Conferences and Book Agents procuring subscribers for *The Mormon* will please forward to us the correct addresses, with all such subscriptions, and we

will request Elder Taylor to forward the papers direct to the subscribers, instead of to the Agents, which will cause them to arrive earlier and incur only one British postage.

Presidents of Conferences and Book Agents acting as Agents for the paper, will receive from subscribers 3½d. per copy, and forward to us 3d., leaving ½d. for their commission.

Notice to persons who have already subscribed for the "Mormon."—It will be seen from the above, that our notice in *Star* No. 1, current Volume, was incorrect. Instead of the paper being 8s. 4d. per year, and the American postage 2s. 2d., as there stated, the paper is 8s. 8d. per year, and the American postage 4s. 4d., making in all 13s. per year, or 3d. per copy, exclusive of the English postage and Agent's commission, consequently the amount of money forwarded to us will not cover a subscription for the periods named. To all such subscribers the paper will be sent until the amounts they have paid are exhausted, and they can in the meantime complete their subscription for six or twelve months as the case may be.

To subscribers for the "Luminary."—In *Star* No. 1, current Volume, it was also stated that the American postage on the *Luminary* would be 2s. 2d. per year, instead of which it is 4s. 4d., consequently the amounts forwarded to us by subscribers will not pay for the paper for the periods named, but it will be forwarded to such subscribers until the amounts are exhausted, and in the mean time the subscriptions can be completed for the six or twelve months as the case may be.

REMOVAL OF OUR OFFICE.—Among the changes and events which are occurring, and in which a large share of our readers are more or less concerned, is the removal of the general publishing and emigration office of the Latter-day Saints in Europe. On and after the 1st of April next, our address will be

Franklin D. Richards, 36 Islington, Liverpool.

Since the opening of emigration by the Saints to the northern ports of the United States our business has so increased, that the present office in Wilton Street is too straight for us.

Our new Office and residence are situated about three minutes' walk from our present address, are intermediate between it and St. George's Hall, are an eligible situation, and possess those general conveniences for space which will enable us to despatch our publishing and emigration business with more pleasure to ourselves, and, we trust, with more profit to the Church at large.

The editors of *Udgorn Seion, Skandinaviens Stierne, Deseret News, St. Louis Luminary, The Mormon, Zion's Watchman*, and the *L. D. S. Millennial Star and Monthly Visitor*, are hereby respectfully requested to inform their readers of our change of address.

Self-Government.

Many great and illustrious men who have governed societies, armies, and nations, have at last confessed that they could rule and govern others, but themselves they could not govern. It was probably a similar feeling that passed

through the poet's brain, when he said—

"Man, know thyself—presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."

The study of human nature is one of the most interesting and important of all sciences, and is probably the least studied, and is, consequently, the least understood. It is not at all uncommon to meet with persons apparently well acquainted with chemistry, geography, agriculture, mechanism, and many branches of philosophy, but totally ignorant of themselves, and the tendency of their actions, because of the darkness of their minds and the deceitfulness of their hearts.

We consider the principles of self-government of the greatest importance to every individual, and particularly the Latter-day Saints; for without a thorough and complete control of ourselves we cannot be saved in the kingdom of God. It was the principle of self-government that exalted our Father to a glorious throne; and it was by the same principle that Jesus laid the foundation for our salvation and glory, and by which he obtained all power in heaven and on earth.

We have entered, dear brethren and sisters, the same practical school of experience. We have the same difficulties to grapple with—a similar nature, but worse, to overcome; a portion of the same Spirit and Priesthood to sustain us, and the same glorious prize to contend for—even eternal life.

If you would obtain this inestimable gift you must learn well every lesson that is given you, and above all, you must learn to govern yourselves. Some of you are husbands and fathers, and have wives and children under your government, and are, perhaps, called to preside over a branch, or district, or section of the Church of Christ; you may be Elders, Seventies, and High Priests, and yet be ignorant of the very first principles of government.

We have known Elders and High Priests who have not had wisdom enough to drive a yoke of oxen across the Plains, who, when their cattle were restive and awkward, instead of coaxing and blessing them, would beat and curse them, and make them more awkward still.

The Bible furnishes us with an instance of a prophet who had not wisdom enough to govern an ass, but was rebuked by the mouth of his beast for his ignorance, stupidity and folly. There are some men who talk a great deal about governing kingdoms and worlds, who cannot govern one solitary wife, nor even their children, nor themselves. There are men and women in this city who have heard the law of tithing explained a hundred times, who do not know how to govern fifteen, ten, or six dollars per week. We do not say these things with an upbraiding spirit, nor with intent to discourage or shame you; but we write thus plainly, that you may ponder and reflect upon some of the elementary principles of government.

In learning the arts and sciences, or languages, living or dead, we begin with first principles. If we pass by the elementary principles, and only obtain a smattering of more advanced rules, although we may be considered smart by the vulgar and illiterate, yet when we come into the company of the philosopher, or linguist, or professor, the veil of our ignorance is drawn aside, and we are exposed as ignorant fools.

You are students in the Lord's theological school; you are now in one of the lower branches; you will soon, if faithful, be wending your way to Zion. There are there philosophers and professors of the highest grade, who will know your capacity and proficiency before you have spoken two sentences to them. Then it is necessary that you should begin again from the beginning and learn every lesson perfectly. You must learn to govern your thoughts and feelings and passions according to the laws of God and the spirit of righteousness.

There is no faculty that we possess but may be perverted and corrupted, whether it be the seeing of the eye, the hearing of the ear, or the articulation of the mouth, they all may become ministers of evil. They are of themselves mere instruments of the spirit that dwelleth in us. If your heart be evil your eyes will be evil also; you will delight in nothing that is lovely, pure, and virtuous, but your eye will be ever straining to see something that is evil, sensuous and devilish, according to the depraved desires of a wicked heart.

If your heart is evil your ear will ever be on the alert to listen to some of the works of iniquity; you will delight to hear of the weaknesses of men, or to hear the foul mouthed slanderer abuse, vilify, and calumniate the righteous.

If your heart is evil, your mouth will

be filled with words of vanity, deceit and profanity; you will try to justify your own wicked and licentious conduct by expatiating upon the weaknesses of others; you will justify the wicked and condemn the just; you will call bitter sweet, and sweet bitter; and darkness you will call light, and light darkness; but, on the contrary, if your heart be pure, your eyes will be pure also; your ear will delight only in hearing of the noble and righteous deeds of your brethren, and your mouth will be full of blessing instead of cursing. If the heart be pure the mouth will send forth words of righteousness and purity, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things, but an evil man out of the evil treasures of his heart bringeth forth evil things, therefore blessed is the man who shutteth his eyes from seeing of evil, and closeth his ears from hearing of iniquity, and in whose mouth there is no guile.

It will be seen by the foregoing that the heart is the seat of government. It is there the spirit has erected its throne, and from thence emanate the laws to govern the hand, the foot, the eye, and ear, and indeed every organ and faculty we possess.

If the ruling spirit or monarch be an evil one, your feet will be led into the haunts of vice and wickedness, and you will delight in visiting dram and whisky shops, or drinking these accursed drugs in secret, and in smoking and chewing tobacco, and other nasty, dirty habits. You will be found revelling in the way of sinners, and sitting in the seat of the scorner; your eye will be open to that which is evil; your ears filled with words of treachery and lies; your mouths will be full of cursing and bitterness, and your passions heated to shed blood.

But if the ruling spirit is generous, noble, and pure, your heart and all its ministers will be pure also. Let every Saint under our jurisdiction rigorously examine his own heart, that he may learn who holds supremacy therein. If your silver, gold, merchandise, business, cattle, land, or any earthly thing is uppermost in your heart, and the predominant ruler of your actions, you must repent, and reinstate the rightful governor, or the treacherous usurper will lead you down to hell. If your wife occupies the throne, and is the governess of your actions, she is a usurper, and must be dethroned, for you cannot obtain salvation and eternal life unless you do it; but let it be done in meekness and in the fear of the Lord, remembering that he will be your ruler and governor worlds without end, and whatever measure you mete it shall be measured unto you again.

Some have thought that because we believe in the plurality of wives we have no government of our feelings or passions, and that our affections are lavished, unconstrained, upon every sympathetic object. We are charged, consequently, by the ignorant and evil-minded, as being corrupt, licentious, and adulterous; but we say unto all who have imagined in their hearts this evil concerning us, that the corrupt, licentious, and adulterous cannot stand among the Latter-day Saints, but shall be cut off. So strict is the law of God upon this subject, that if a man looketh upon a woman to lust after her he hath committed adultery in his heart, and shall deny the faith. Are not these things true? They are. Can an Elder or other officer of this Church violate the laws of virtue with impunity? No. Can a man or woman commit adultery and not be found out? No; 'tis impossible. Go ask apostates who are scattered through this country, how long they were able to conceal their corruptions and iniquities from the Lord and his servants. If they have any honesty of soul left in them, they will tell you that no sooner had they fallen into transgression than the Spirit of God departed from them, and the ministers of our God were ready to administer justice commensurate with their deeds, according to the laws of God. If you believe not this testimony, go and ask the spirit of Munroe and others of the damned why they left this world so suddenly; you will then learn that the Saints in Utah both know how to govern themselves, and how to teach and control others, so that if those choosing to dwell among them will not do any good, they are effectually prevented from doing much evil. Then who will dare to say Latter-day Saints are corrupt and adulterous? If any one has the hardihood, let him prove his charge, or he stands branded as a slanderer, a calumniator, and a liar; and let him know that his refuge of vituperations and lies shall not screen him from everlasting indignation, shame and contempt. —*St. Louis Luminary.*

Foreign Correspondence.

EAST INDIA MISSION.

Voyage from Calcutta to Rangoon, Singapore, St. Helena, and Liverpool—The Burmese—Labours among them.

107, Finch Street, Liverpool,
March 3, 1855.

To President F. D. Richards.

Beloved Brother—In obedience to the dictates of the Spirit of truth, and the counsel of the authorities, I am speeding my way to Zion, (after an absence from this land of nearly four years,) where I hope shortly to arrive, and know for myself those privileges and blessings which the Saints are permitted to enjoy in the bosom of the Church, and which are realized by all the faithful, but which cannot be described through the imperfect medium of speech.

As it has not been my privilege to forward you any communications for some months past, owing to my travelling engagements, it may not be out of place to furnish you with some items connected with my movements since leaving the first scene of my labours in the Bengal Presidency, from whence I took my departure for Rangoon in Burmah in March 1854. My kind brethren who had been spreading the work in Burmah, sent me several pressing invitations to labour among them for a time, which induced President Jones to acquiesce, although he had made arrangements in part for my immediate return to the Valley. I staid during a period of six months, and had the pleasure of seeing nearly twenty added to the Church. I opened a school, the fees of which, added to the blessings of the brethren, enabled me to reach Liverpool, where I arrived on the 1st instant, all well, on board the barque *Gazelle*, Captain George Leslie, who behaved with much kindness, and permitted me to testify, and distribute the Word, among the crew during the voyage of four-and-a-half months from Singapore.

But it may not be amiss to relate some of the intermediate circumstances which occurred. From Rangoon, on the Irrawaddy, the late scene of the war, I took ship for Palo Penang, or Prince of Wales' Island, situated in the Straits of Malacca; the land of nutmegs, mace, sugar, and "eternal verdure," as brother Parley would say; where I staid four days, during which time I had the pleasure of bearing my testimony and distributing tracts among a few inquirers, who stated their determination to send for the works of the Church and "*sift Mormonism to the bottom.*"

The American Consul tried to get me a passage to America on board the *Plymouth*, U. S. frigate, lying in the roads, but the captain refused, giving, as his reason, that it was contrary to the regulations; although I offered to become useful in proportion to my capability. After repeated and ineffectual attempts to obtain a passage direct for California, or the eastern ports of America, a providential and gratuitous offer was made me by a ship-master to take me to Singapore, where, he stated, I should be able to get a passage to England or America; but I discovered, when on board, and sails set, that he had offered me the passage that I might assist him and his crew in defending them from the piratical Malays, who infest the Straits of Malacca. This did not deter me from continuing the voyage, as I felt more confidence in things connected with the "effectual fervent prayer," than in the bright and bristling display of small arms and small cannon with which he was furnished. All ended harmlessly! Arrived at Singapore, after six days' delightful sailing, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery among the thousands of beautiful islands, I had the pleasure to meet with Elder Ludington, who was labouring at Singapore, and who introduced me to several of his acquaintances, to whom I had the pleasure of bearing my testimony.

The captain of the *Gazelle*, on the passage to Liverpool, kindly took me on shore at the island of St. Helena, where he introduced me to several of the leading merchants, &c., with whom I left the *Book of Mormon*, *Voice of Warning*, *Joseph Smith the Prophet*, and five pamphlets. A young gentleman, with my consent, sent the bellman round to announce an address to be delivered by me in the main street, where about four or five hundred of all

ages and complexions assembled to hear me read the Testimonies of the Witnesses, and direct them regarding the way to gain an entrance into the kingdom of God. They stood for upwards of an hour, listening with respect and attention, and I afterwards gave replies to questions on emigration, organization, and doctrine. During the time I was speaking, under the influence of a vertical sun, a kind young gentleman came forward with a glass of pure water, and presented it to me. I felt to ask for a thousand blessings upon his head, to which I believe all the Saints will heartily respond their loud amen. From the eagerness manifested by several to obtain the printed word, and the remark which escaped them, that they had heard of "Mormonism" only through the medium of the public prints, which being, as they admitted, of a conflicting and uncharitable character, they were glad of the opportunity of discovering the merits or demerits of "Mormonism" from our own statements. I am in hopes some of my audience will be corresponding with the Office in Liverpool, for they seemed anxious to get the *Star*.

During my residence in the East, it was my pleasing lot to visit upwards of twenty places, in all of which, many Europeans and Eurasians received me with much kindness, fed, clothed, and blessed me with means for travelling through that wide-extended and broiling climate, chiefly out of kindness to a countryman, partly out of curiosity, and but slightly out of love for the truth, for which, at present, there seems to be very little space. No less than nine different newspapers contained articles, philippics, and letters, *pro* and *con*; so that it may be reasonably concluded, that nearly all the Europeans and also the educated natives have been fully apprised of "Mormonism."

In Burmah, the natives follow the patriarchal order of plurality, and until they were corrupted by *Christians*, licentiousness was almost unknown among the female sex. Any violation of social sanctity is followed by condign punishment of the offender, by the injured husband, who, in one instance during my stay, sent an adulterer to his long account, by despatching him with a *daah*, a huge kind of razor, which is used for miscellaneous purposes in the arts and in war. The Burmese are a jocular, sociable kind of people, but live in a primitive sort of style, although weaving and some few simple and ornamental arts are in vogue. Every woman, nearly, can weave cloth; their plaids are very good, and strongly resemble the Scottish ones. They are a people unfettered by caste; freely eating with Europeans and others, but not at all choice whether it happen to be animal or vegetable, decomposed or otherwise; in short, they have starved out the jackals (which swarm in India), but I believe there are none in Burmah.

The Burmese are particularly fond of children, and quite worship those of Europeans, exclaiming with great emotion when they see them—"*tay slaarra*," (very handsome). The priests, or "*poongees*," profess celibacy, refuse money, wear flowing yellow garments, and always keep their heads and faces shaved. They are held in great veneration during their life time, and when dead, lie in state, and are kept above ground in honey for sometimes a whole year, the length of time they keep them unburied being in proportion to the estimation in which they are held. They act in the capacity of teachers to the male population, all of whom, I believe, are able to read, write, and cipher. No individual can with impunity either injure or insult a poongee, while habited in his robes; not even the king; but an anecdote is related of one of the kings, who wished to punish a poongee, and effected his object, by having a splendid new dress prepared, and the luckless wight, having denuded himself of his sacerdotal toggery, and substituted the king's present, was most unmercifully beaten by several stout fellows who were lying in ambush for that purpose.

The Burmese are very liberal, and even profuse in their offerings at their temples or pagodas; and after they have deposited them, it matters not whether they are allowed to remain, or are taken away; they have done their part, and with that are quite contented. For instance, on one occasion it is related that the king being about to erect a pagoda at Ava which should be adorned with golden images, each of which was to weigh as much as the giver, a great many came forward and deposited their images, which are said to have been placed inside the pagoda, and formed the subject of animated conversation among the British troops in

Burmah, who were expecting to be sent to take Ava (the capital), in case the king refused to reimburse John Company for the expenses of the war. Hundreds of pagodas were destroyed in Rangoon, Prome, and other places, and the bricks were used for making new roads, by the British since the late war, which was followed by a famine, when many parents sold their children for food. It may not be uninteresting to mention that many thousands of idols of gold, silver, brass, &c., were found in the solid masonry of the pagodas, and were taken away by Europeans and scattered to almost every part of civilizedom. I have two in my possession, intending them as presents to the Deseret Museum.

Among the singular practices in vogue among the people of India, is that which prevails among many of the agriculturists in the Himmaleh mountains, who, while they are at work in the field, (if small patches on the sides of the mountains may be considered to be fields,) place the heads of their young children under the trickling of water, which operates as a soporific, and it is asserted that the little creatures continue to sleep as long as the operation is carried on, and, like all mountaineers, are a very hardy and athletic race. Again, in Burmah, as soon as a child is weaned, as smoking cigars is much practised, it takes to the cigar, so that it is quite general to see little ones of a year old, puffing away with the greatest zest imaginable. In India, I have frequently seen children of three years old, smoking with all the nonchalance of old folks.

It affords me much pleasure at all times to communicate to my brethren the many interesting items connected with those parts in which I have been honoured to labour, and it is my intention to do so from time to time, as opportunity offers.

With the most fervent prayers for the success of the great cause of truth, in which we are unitedly engaged,

I remain, most affectionately
Yours in the Holy Covenant,
WILLIAM WILLES.

Varieties.

THERE were, in the beginning of February, 705 inmates in the Leicester Workhouse, a greater number than had been known since the house was built.

THE British Baltic fleet is to consist of 100 vessels, all propelled by steam. 20 sail-of-the-line are to be despatched to that sea in the course of a month. France and England have come to a mutual agreement to prepare for operation in the same waters 5 floating batteries, 20 gun-boats, and 10 mortar-boats each, all heavily armed, and of light draught, and propelled by steam. In the whole France is to send there 50 war vessels, with a large land force.

AN interesting meeting was held in the Philosophical Hall, Paisley, on the evening of Tuesday last. The unemployed weavers met to consider a proposal for offering their services to government, as militiamen, for a definite period, on condition of receiving grants of land in the colonies at the expiry of their term of service. It was the decided opinion of the meeting that if the foreign legions, which the government intend to employ, are to be assisted to emigrate to Australia, and to settle there, Scotchmen have an infinitely stronger claim to such assistance.—*Liverpool Mercury*, Feb. 20.

STRENGTH OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—The infantry is composed of 560,000 men; the cavalry, by far the weakest arm, consists of only 40,000 horses. (When it is the question of the effective force of the infantry and cavalry, the words "bayonets" and "horses" are always employed here.) The artillery, including the rocket corps, fire-workers, &c., consists of 80,000 men, with 1,300 well horsed guns. In case of need the material of the 12 artillery regiments can, in a very short time, be raised to 2,000 guns. With the sappers, miners, pioneers, engineers, medical and hospital companies, and complete baggage and provision trains, the Austrian army may amount to about 670,000 or 680,000 men. In case of need 200,000 well-armed reserves (men who have served their eight years in the army) can; within two months, be in the field.—*The Times*, Feb. 20.

A LONDON firm lately proposed to bind themselves in heavy penalties to supply to the British Crimean army in its present position, or anywhere within two hundred miles of the coast, food consisting of three meals a day, to be cooked and delivered at the head quarters of each battalion—the breakfast to consist of tea, coffee, or cocoa, according to choice, and of fresh-baked bread; the dinner of bread, meat, and potatoes, with a quart of malt